PERU,

A

POEM.

IN SIX CANTOS.

BY

HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS.

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A POEM.

IN SIX CANTOS.

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HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS.

Mrs. MONTAGU.

WHILE, bending at thy honour'd ſhrine, the Muſe
Pours, MONTAGU, to thee her votive ſtrain,
Thy Heart will not her ſimple notes refuſe,
Or chill her timid ſoul with cold diſdain.

O might a tranſient ſpark of Genius fire
The fond effuſions of her fearful Youth;
Then ſhould thy Virtues live upon her Lyre,
And give to Harmony the Charm of Truth.

Vain wish! they ask not the imperfect Lay,
The weak Applause her trembling accents breathe;
With whose pure Radiance Glory blends her ray,
Whom Fame has circled with her fairest wreathe.

Thou, who while seen with graceful step to tread
Grandeur's enchanted round, can'st meekly pause
To rend the Veil Obscurity had spread
Where his lone sigh deserted Genius draws;

To lead his drooping Spirit to thy Fane,
Where attic joy the social Circle warms;
Where Science loves to pour her hallow'd strain,
Where Wit, and Wisdom, blend their sep'rate charms.

And sure to cherish intellectual Powers,
To bid the vig'rous tides of Genius roll,
Unfold, in fair expansion, Fancy's flowers,
And wake the latent energies of soul;

Far other homage claims than flatt'ry brings
The little triumphs of the Pencil to grace;
For deeds like thoſe a purer incenſe ſprings,
Warm from the ſwelling heart its ſource we trace!

Yet not to foſter the rich gifts of mind
Alone can all thy lib'ral cares employ;
Not to the few thoſe gifts adorn, confin'd,
They ſpread an ampler ſphere of genuine Joy.

While Pleaſure's lucid Star illumes thy Bower,
Thy Pity views the diſtant Storm that bends
Where Want unſhelter'd waſtes the ling'ring hour;—
And meets the Bleſſing that to Heav'n aſcends!

For this, while Fame thro' each ſucceſſive Age
On her exulting lip thy name ſhall breathe;
While Woman, pointing to thy finiſh'd Page,
Claims from imperious Man the Critic Wreathe;

Truth

Truth on her spotless Record shall enroll
Each moral Beauty to her Spirit dear;
Paint in bright Characters each Grace of Soul—
While Admiration pours a gen'rous tear.

HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS.

London, April the 24th, 1784.

ADVER-

ADVERTISEMENT.

TO prevent the Readers of the following Work from entertaining expectations reſpecting it which it would ill ſatisfy, it is neceſſary to acquaint them that the Author hath not had the preſumption even to attempt a full, hiſtorical narration of the fall of the Peruvian Empire. To deſcribe that important event with preciſion, and to diſplay with juſt force the various cauſes which combined to produce it, would require all the energy of genius, all the ſtrong colouring of the moſt glowing imagination. Conſcious of her utter inability to execute ſuch a deſign, ſhe hath only aimed at giving a ſimple detail of a few incidents in that affecting and romantic Hiſtory; where the unparalleled ſufferings of an innocent and amiable People afford the fineſt ſubjects for true

true pathos, while their climate, intirely dissimilar to our own, furnishes new and ample materials for poetic description.

She offers this Poem to the Public impressed with gratitude for the indulgence with which it hath honoured her former, unowned Production, EDWIN *and* ELTRUDA; *yet trembling lest, in the temerity of a farther effort to engage its attention, and obtain its favour, she should forfeit, by the feebleness of a Performance inadequate to fulfil that anxious hope, all claim to future encouragement.*

The

The ARGUMENT.

General Description of the Country of Peru, and of its animal, and vegetable Productions — the Nature of the People — character of Atunba, their Monarch — His love for Alzira — their mystick ceremonial — character of Zora, her Father — description of the Genius of Peru — prediction of the Fate of that Empire.

The ARGUMENT.

General Deſcription of the Country of Peru, and of its animal, and vegetable Productions — the virtues of the People — character of Ataliba, *their Monarch — His love for* Alzira *— their nuptials celebrated — character of* Zorai, *her Father — deſcent of the Genius of Peru — prediction of the fate of that Empire.*

PERU.

CANTO THE FIRST.

WHERE the Pacific Deep in ſilence pours
His languid ſurges on the weſtern ſhores,
There, loſt Peruvia! bloom'd thy cultur'd ſcene,
The ſtill wave, emblem of its bliſs ſerene!—
There ſmiling Nature in luxuriance ſhowers,
From her rich treaſures, the ſpontaneous flowers;
The looſe-rob'd Graces ſpread her floating train,
And Beauty bloſſoms as it ſweeps the Plain.

Uncheck'd by Art, in ſweet diſorder wild,
As when the World was young—the Nymph a Child!
To living verdure wak'd, by breath divine,
Riſes in lovely pride the ſlender Pine;
The Palm around its ample foliage ſpreads,
And the broad Cedars rear their lofty heads;
The Orange groves in wild luxuriance twine
Their od'rous ſhades, the ſilver Citrons ſhine;
In lufcious ſweetneſs the Anana blooms,
Delicious Guavas blend their rich perfumes;
The Bark, bleſt Shrub! its vermeil bloſſom rears,
And the ſoft Balſam weeps ambroſial tears.

The downy Pacos' * ſpread o'er hill and plain
Their purple fleece, and crop the golden grain;
The ſilky-ſoft Vicunnas † ſport around,
And the meek Lamas ‡ burden'd preſs the ground.

* The Pacos is a domeſtic animal of Peru. Its wool reſembles the colour of dried roſes.

† The Vicunnas are a ſpecies of wild Pacos.

‡ The Lamas are employed as mules, in carrying burdens.

While

While mid' the vocal groves the feather'd throng
Pour'd to the panting breeze the warbled ſong;
The proud Macaw expands his gloſſy plume
While, as he ſoars, it drinks a warmer bloom:
The Mocking-Bird her echoing note eſſays,
Or ſweetly trills her own preluſive Lays;
Trembling in air the luſcious cadence floats,
And Paſſion warbles in her melting notes.
The beauteous Humming Bird amid' the groves
Breathes in low, plaintive tones his gentle loves;
Light on the Citron's ſtem his pinion ſpreads,
While Spring's warm ray its ſweet ſuffuſion ſheds,
His flutt'ring plumes their ſhining hues unfold,
The vivid ſcarlet, and the ſtreaming gold,
The ſoft flower wet with Morning's tear he views,
Sinks on its breaſt, and drinks th' ambroſial dews;
Then, wak'd to dear delight, he ſeeks the neſt
Parental care has rear'd, and Love has bleſt;
Bears the rich nectar to his tender Young
That on the trembling Bloſſom's light leaf hung;

The bliſs which ſwells his ſoul, the joys that move,
Is Nature ſmiling on her works of Love!

Nor leſs for thee, bleſt Region, favour'd Clime!
The Virtues roſe, unſullied, and ſublime.
There, tender Charity, with ardor warm,
Spread her wide mantle o'er the ſhiv'ring form;
Chear'd with the feſtal Song her lib'ral toils,
While in the lap of Age ſhe pour'd the ſpoils.
Simplicity in each low Vale was found,
The meek Nymph ſmil'd with Reeds and Ruſhes crown'd:
And Innocence in light, tranſparent Veſt,
Mild Viſitant! the gentle Region bleſt;
In her ſoft ſmile beam'd love, and artleſs grace,
And glow'd celeſtial beauty in her face:
Light as her ſnowy veſture ſweeps the ground
Freſh flow'rets ſpring, and ſhed their odours round:
As from her lip enchanting accents part,
The ſweet tones thrill thro' each reſponſive heart,

And o'er the vermeil lawns that bloom around
Soft echoes waft each undulating ſound;
While Poeſy's bright Sun diffus'd its ray
O'er the young Empire's mild unfolding Day;
Bade the warm Virtues grace her pictur'd Scene *,
And dreſt in Love's gay robe, their charms ſerene,
The Seraph forms inſpir'd Affection's flame,
While Admiration pour'd his loud acclaim.

This beauteous Region ATALIBA ſway'd,
Whoſe mild behefts the willing heart obey'd;
Deſcendant of a ſcepter'd, ſacred Race,
Whoſe origin from glowing Suns they trace;
And as o'er Nature's form the ſolar beam
Sheds life, and beauty, as th' effulgent ſtream

* At Cuzco, and in all the other towns of Peru, tragedies and comedies were performed. The firſt were leſſons of duty to the prieſts, warriors, judges, and perſons of diſtinction, and repreſented to them models of public virtue. Comedies ſerved for inſtruction to perſons of inferior rank, and taught them the exerciſe of private virtues.

The Abbé Raynal's *Hiſtory of the European Settlements.*

Of radiant light her fragrant bosom warms,
Wakes her rich odours, and unfolds her charms,
So o'er the blooming Realm their bounties flow'd,
And thus the beams benign of Virtue glow'd;
So felt the cherish'd heart the genial ray
Of Mercy, lovelier than the smile of Day!
In Atalida's pure, unsullied mind
Each mental Grace, each lib'ral Virtue shin'd,
And all uncultur'd by the toils of Art,
Bloom'd the dear genuine offspring of the heart:
His gentle Spirit Love's soft power possest,
And stamp'd Alzira's image in his breast;
Alzira, pure as Fancy's infant dreams,
Sweet as the vivid smile that Beauty beams,
And form'd each tenderness of soul to prove,
That sooths in Friendship, and that charms in Love.
But, ah! in vain the drooping Muse would paint,
(Her accents languid, and her colours faint)
How dear the Joys Love's infant wishes sought,
How mild his spirit, and how pure his thought,

Ere Wealth in ſullen pomp was ſeen to riſe,
And rend the bleeding boſom's fondeſt ties,
Pall with his baleful touch th' unſullied Flower,
And cruſh the Bloſſom in Affection's Bower!
Fortune, light Nymph, ſtill bleſs thy ſordid ſlaves,
Still on the venal heart pour all it craves;
Bright in its view may golden Viſions ſhine,
And loſt Peruvia ope each glitt'ring Mine;
And bring the Robe that Eaſtern pomp diſplays,
The Gems that ripen in the torrid blaze,
Collected may the mingled ſplendors ſtream
Full on the eye that courts the gaudy beam.
But ah, mild Love! if haply this late day
One artleſs mind avows thy ſofter ſway,
Pours at thy Shrine pure Nature's ſimple ſtrain,
And ſtrews the Heart's ſweet Incenſe on thy Fane;
Give to the breaſt that ſcorns each glitt'ring Toy,
Give the delicious thrill of gen'rous Joy!
Ah never let thy hapleſs Vot'ry prove
The chilling pang of alienated love;

And from that agony the Spirit ſave
When unrelenting yawns the op'ning Grave,
When Death diſſolves the ties for ever dear,
When frantic Paſſion pours her parting tear;
With all the cheriſh'd pains Affection feels,
Hangs on the quiv'ring lip that ſilence ſeals,
Views fondneſs ſtruggling in the cloſing eye,
And marks it mingling in the falt'ring ſigh,
As the lov'd form, while folded to her breaſt,
On Earth's cold boſom ſeeks more laſting reſt,
Leaves her fond ſoul in hopeleſs griefs to mourn,
Claſp the pale Corſe, and bathe th' unconſcious Urn;
Mild, to the wounds that pierce her bleeding heart,
Nature's expiring pang, and Death's keen dart.

Now ſheds the ſolar Orb his orient ray
In brightneſs o'er ALZIRA's nuptial Day.
To grace her tender form the Virgin train
Cull the fair bloſſoms of the purple Plain:

The od'rous blooms, that form the feſtive Wreathe,
A deeper hue, a richer fragrance breathe;
While Love's ſoft accents fill the vocal Bowers,
Sweet as the Spirit of the op'ning Flowers.
The gentle Tribes then ſought the hallow'd Fane
Where warbling Veſtals pour'd the Choral Strain;
There aged ZORAI to his wither'd breaſt
With fond parental love ALZIRA preſt;
Prieſt of the Sun! within the ſacred Shrine
His ardent Spirit breath'd the ſtrain divine,
With glowing hand the guiltleſs Off'ring ſpread,
With pious zeal the pure Libation ſhed:
In ignorance his proſtrate heart ador'd,
Yet Virtue hallow'd the warm vow it pour'd:
Nor vain the Incenſe of erroneous praiſe,
When meek Devotion's Soul the tribute pays;
On wings of Purity behold it riſe!
While bending Mercy wafts it to the Skies.

Thus fair Peruvia roſe, in grace array'd,
Thus Pleaſure bloſſom'd in her Citron Shade,
And o'er the flow'ry Plains was ſeen to move,
Dreſt in the ſmile of Peace, the bloom of Love.
But ſoon ſhall wake the wild tempeſtuous Storm,
Rend her bright Robe, and cruſh her tender form:
Peruvia! ſoon the fatal hour ſhall riſe
That wakes thy guſhing tears, thy burning ſighs;
Each Moment on its wing ſhall bear thy groans,
Each Gale ſhall tremble to thy frantic moans.

Now o'er the Deep chill Night her Mantle flung,
Spread her dark Wings, and on the Waters hung;—
Sooth'd by the whiſper'd murmurs of the Main,
Peruvia's Genius ſought the liquid Plain,
Penſive ſhe heard the ſoft waves languid ſigh,
As the lone ſhore they touch, recede—and die.
But now a ſullen ſound in horror creeps
O'er the ſmooth ſurface of the glaſſy Deeps,

A riſing

A riſing Zephyr ſwell'd her azure Veil,
Shrinking aghaſt, ſhe ſpy'd a flying Sail:—
Now tow'rs the lofty Maſt, the Pennant waves,
The ruffled Surge th' incumbent Veſſel laves,
With eager glance ſhe views th' exulting foe
Lead o'er the wat'ry Waſte th' advent'rous Prow,
Firm, and reſiſtleſs in terrific force,
Swift to her Shores they bend their fatal courſe:
Torrents of guſhing tears bedew'd her eyes,
And heav'd her boſom with preſageful ſighs;
Trembling She knelt with wild, diſorder'd air,
And pour'd with frantic energy her pray'r;
"Oh all ye pitying Spirits of the ſky,
"Who hear in groves of bliſs this ardent ſigh,
"Mount the blue Lightning's wing, o'er Ocean ſweep,
"Tinge with your Robes of flame the red'ning deep,
"Plunge to the central Caves that moan below,
"As o'er their heads the liquid mountains flow,
"Bid Death up-ſpringing from the dark abode
"Mount the high billow, print the blackn'ing flood,

"Ruſh

" Ruſh o'er the waves, the rough'ning deep deform,
" Howl in the blaſt, and ſwell the raging Storm—
" Relentleſs Powers! for not a quiv'ring breeze
" Lifts with its ſigh the ſurface of the Seas.—
" Swift from your rocky Steeps, ye Condors, ſtray,
" Wave your black Plumes, and cleave th' aerial way,
" Proud in terrific force your Wings expand *,
" Preſs the ſlight earth, and darken all the ſtrand,
" Bid every boſom pant with wild affright,
" And ſhun the Region veil'd in partial night—
" Vain hope—I ſee my lov'd, my favour'd Clime
" Conſum'd, and fading in its beauteous prime:
" Yes, dear, devoted Land, I read thy doom,
" My ſad prophetic ſoul can pierce the gloom.
" Yet not in vain my groaning Realm ſhall bleed,
" Europe's dire Sons ſhall mourn the ruthleſs deed:
" Ah Clime abhor'd be gold the glitt'ring bane
" That ſtrews with black'ning ills thy hoſtile plain.

* The Condor is an inhabitant of the Andes. Its wings, when expanded, are ſaid to be eighteen feet wide.

" May

" May Luxury her baneful odours ſhed,
" And the ſoft lures of guileful Pleaſure ſpread;
" Pour gilded Poiſons in the nectar'd Bowl,
" Wither each nerve, and taint the ſickning ſoul."——
Ah not in vain ſhe drop'd th' impaſſion'd tear,
Breath'd the warm ſigh, and call'd the Powers to hear!
When borne from loſt Peruvia's weeping Land
The guilty treaſures beam'd on Europe's Strand,
As preſs'd her burden'd Plains the fordid Ore,
Each gentle Virtue fled the tainted Shore;
Sighing each mental Charm forſook the Place,
Each ſweet Affection, and each moral Grace;
Affrighted Love foreſaw the deep'ning gloom,
And wav'd in liquid air his downy plume;
Chill'd by the ſullen ſcene he wings his flight,
While heaps of treaſur'd Ore entomb Delight.

The ARGUMENT.

Pizarro, *a Spaniſh Captain, lands with his forces—his meeting with* Ataliba—*its unhappy conſequences*—Zorai *dies*—Ataliba *impriſoned, and ſtrangled*—Alzira's *deſpair, and madneſs.*

CANTO THE SECOND.

FLUSH'D with high hope, PIZARRO's martial Band
With hoſtile ſpirit preſs'd Peruvia's Land:
They breathe the tones of Amity, and Guile
Veils her dark aim in Candour's open ſmile—
Lull'd by illuſive dreams, the Monarch ſprings
To meet his latent Foe on Friendſhip's wings;
On as he moves with radiant ſplendours crown'd,
His ſubject Chiefs the golden Throne ſurround;
The feather'd Canopy they graceful raiſe,
Whoſe varied hues reflect the morning rays.——
And now approach'd Iberia's warlike Train,
Majeſtic moving o'er Peruvia's Plain,

In all the ſavage pomp of armour dreſt,
The glittering Helmet, and the nodding Creſt.

Yet themes of joy PIZARRO's lips impart,
And charm with Wiſdom's lore the ſimple heart;
Unfolding to the Monarch's wond'ring thought
All that to elder Climes inventive Art has taught.
And now he bids his ſwelling Spirit riſe,
To Regions far beyond the circling Skies;
Preſents the Page that o'er our mental Night
Pour'd the pure floods of intellectual light!—
His trembling hands the hallow'd Volume claſp—
But lo! it falls from their too-feeble graſp—
*Sudden, while impious zeal each breaſt inſpires,
And raging Demons fan the riſing fires,

The

* "Sudden, while impious zeal, &c." PIZARRO, who during a long conference, had with difficulty reſtrained his ſoldiers, eager to ſeize the rich ſpoils of which they had now ſo near a view, immediately gave the ſignal of aſſault. At once the martial muſic ſtruck up, the cannon and muſkets began to fire, the horſe ſallied out fiercely to the charge, the infantry ruſhed on ſword in hand. The Peruvians, aſtoniſhed at the ſuddenneſs of an attack which they did not expect, and diſmayed with the deſtructive effects of the fire-arms, fled with univerſal conſternation

The bloody Signal waves, the Banners play,
The unſheath'd Sabres flaſh a gleamy ray;
The thund'ring Cannons rend the vault around,
And the loud Trumpets pour their ſhrilling ſound;
While fierce in ſanguine rage the Sons of Spain
Ruſh on Peru's unarm'd defenceleſs Train:
The Fiends of Slaughter urg'd their dire career,
And Virtue's guardian Spirits drop'd a tear!
Mild Zorai falls amid' the fatal Strife,
And pours the ling'ring drops of waſted Life—
In vain Peruvia's Chiefs undaunted ſtood,
Shroud their lov'd Prince, and bathe his Robes in blood,
Touch'd with heroic ardor, ruſh around,
And high of ſoul receive each deathful wound;

nation on every ſide. Pizarro, at the head of his choſen band, advanced directly towards the Inca; and though his Nobles crowded around him with officious zeal, and fell in numbers at his feet, while they vied one with another in ſacrificing their own lives, that they might cover the ſacred perſon of their Sovereign, the Spaniards ſoon penetrated to the royal ſeat; and Pizarro ſeizing the Inca by the arm, dragged him to the ground, and carried him as a priſoner to his quarters.——*Robertſon's Hiſtory of America.*

Drag'd from his throne, and hurry'd o'er the plain,
Lo! ATALIBA ſwells the captive Train,
With iron graſp the frantic Prince they bear,
Nor heed th' indignant throb of wild Deſpair.

Deep in the lonely Dungeon's drear domain
Sad ATALIBA drag'd the galling chain;
The dank, cold boſom of the Earth he preſs,
While throb'd the woes of thouſands at his breaſt:
And now the loſt ALZIRA's moan he hears,
And Paſſion mingles with the guſhing tears.
Full ſoon ſhe felt keen Sorrow's poiſon'd dart
Pierce her ſoft ſoul, and deſolate her heart;
It's quick pulſations paus'd—and, chill'd with dread,
A livid hue her fading cheek o'erſpread —
She pour'd no guſhing tear, ſhe breath'd no ſigh,
Quiver'd her lip — and cloſ'd her languid eye —
Fainter and ſlower heav'd her ſhiv'ring breaſt,
Till its calm'd throbings ſeem'd in death to reſt.

At

At length reviv'd, 'mid riſing heaps of Slain,
She preſt with trembling ſtep the crimſon plain;
Her ſoul with all the force of paſſion fraught,
Fearleſs the Dungeon's dark receſs has ſought—
A livid paleneſs ſtill her cheek o'erſpreads,
The tear of mingled agony ſhe ſheds—
It quiv'ring falls on ATALIBA's chain,
He feels it thrill in every ſhiv'ring vein—
For murder'd ZORAS's fate the mourner weeps,
For him the flood of woe her boſom ſteeps—
Too-tender Spirit! check the filial tear!
A ſympathy more ſoft, a tie more dear,
Shall claim the drops that frantic Paſſion ſheds,
When the rude Storm its darkeſt Pinion ſpreads—
Lo! burſting the deep Cell where Miſery lay,
The human Vultures ſeize the Dove-like Prey!—
In vain her treaſur'd wealth Peruvia gave
This dearer treaſure from their graſp to ſave—
In vain ſhe ſought to rend th' opprobious chains
Which from her ſearching glance her Prince detains—
ALZIRA!

ALZIRA. Lo, the ruthleſs Murd'rers come—
This moment ſeals thy ATALIBA's doom.
Ah what avails the ſhriek that anguiſh pours,
The look that Mercy's lenient aid implores!
Torn from thy claſping arms, thy throbing breaſt,
The fatal cord his laſt, deep groan ſuppreſt—
In dire, convulſive pangs he yields his breath;
And Paſſion's quiv'ring flame expires in death—
In vain the livid Corſe ſhe fondly claſps,
And pours her ſorrows o'er the form ſhe graſps;
Cold is that heart, and lull'd in icy reſt,
Which trembled to each woe that pierc'd her breaſt.
Now her ſoft frame, with ruthleſs graſp, they tear
From the loſt object of her fond deſpair;
The ſwelling pang unable to ſuſtain,
Diſtraction throb'd in every ſhiv'ring vein;
Its riſing tumults ſeize her yielding ſoul,
And in her eye its frenzied glances roll—
" They come! (the mourner cried, with panting breath)
" To give the loſt ALZIRA reſt in death—

" I feel

" I feel my Love, I feel the poiſon'd dart,
" It rankles here—it quivers in my heart!—
" One moment more, ye bloody forms, beſtow;
" 'Twill heal the deep, deep wound of cureleſs woe—
" Ah ſpare the weak One!—tho' my wither'd brain
" Dries the calm tear, it feels the throb of pain—
" Lo where afar the purple flame ſheds light
" On yon ſad Spot—Ah hide it, pitying Night!
" Slow in the breeze I ſee the light graſs wave
" That ſhrouds with tender tufts my Love's dark Grave:
" There on its wand'ring wing, in mildneſs blows
" The mournful Gale, or wakes his deep repoſe—
" I'll preſs the cold turf to my fainting heart,
" Tho' the lone Thiſtle points its thorny dart,
" And wounds me while it drinks the tears I ſhed,
" Thoſe tears that oft revive its drooping head—
" I weep no more—but ah! ye ſoft dews, ſhower
" Your balmy freſhneſs o'er its downy flower,
" Still cheriſh, tho' it pierce ALZIRA's breaſt,
" Cheriſh the riſing plant that guards his reſt—

" Ah

" Ah ſee, yon hoary form ſtill lingers there!
" Diſhevell'd by rude winds his ſilver hair—
" O'er his chill'd boſom falls the wintry rain,
" I feel the big drops on my wither'd brain—
" Not for himſelf that tear his boſom ſteeps,
" It falls for his loſt child—for me he weeps—
" No more the dagger's point ſhall pierce thy breaſt,
" For calm and lovely is thy ſilent reſt;
" Yet ſtill in duſt theſe eyes ſhall ſee thee roll,
" Still the ſad thought ſhall waſte ALZIRA's Soul—
" Sad Nature ſickens—fades each drooping flower,—
" The Bloſſoms languiſh in the roſy Bower;
" The roſy Bower where once I lov'd to rove,
" And ſhed the tear of Joy, the ſmile of Love:
" Soft on the hanging Cliff I now can reſt,
" And preſs its pointed pillow to my breaſt.—
" What bleeding Phantom moves along the Storm?
" Dear Spirit of my Love! Ah well-known form!
" Tho' the dim Moon is veil'd, his robes of light
" Tinge the dark clouds, and gild the veil of Night;

" Approach,

" Approach, my Love—Ah nearer—ſtill more near—
" Thy look, tho' pale and ghaſtly, wakes no fear;
" Alzira's breaſt no ſhadowy terrors move,
" For every vain alarm is loſt in Love—
" He weeps—o'er my full boſom ſtreams his tear—
" It chills my trembling heart, yet ſtill 'tis dear—
" Can Death's barb'd arrow yield no ſweet releaſe?
" I hop'd in yon blue Sky to taſte of peace—
" My ſorrows pierce his ſoul—I plunge the dart—
" Thoſe drops of blood—they iſſue from his heart---
" To him all joyleſs are the Realms above:
" That pale look ſpeaks of pity, and of love---
" My Love aſcends!---he ſoars in liquid light---
" Stay, tender Spirit! Cruel, ſtay thy flight---
" Ah ſoft deſcend in yonder rolling Cloud,
" And veil Alzira in thy miſty Shroud---
" He hears---from azure Skies he ſwift deſcends---
" With healing balms his drooping Pinion bends---
" My Love has plac'd the thirſty dagger near,
" And on its hallow'd point has drop'd a tear!"---

As roll'd her wand'ring glances wide around
She ſnatch'd a reeking Sabre from the ground;
Firmly her lifted hand the weapon preſs'd,
And deep ſhe plung'd it in her panting breaſt:
"'Tis but a few ſhort moments that divide
"ALZIRA from her Love"---She ſpoke---and died.

THE ARGUMENT.

The ARGUMENT.

Pizarro *takes poſſeſſion of Cuzco---the fanaticiſm of* Valverde, *a Spaniſh Prieſt---its dreadful effects---A Peruvian Prieſt put to the torture---his daughter's diſtreſs---he is reſcued by* Las Caſas, *an amiable Spaniſh Eccleſiaſtic, and led to a place of ſafety, where he dies---his daughter's narration of her ſufferings---her death.*

CANTO THE THIRD.

NOW ſtern PIZARRO ſeeks the diſtant Plains,
Where beauteous Cuzco lifts her golden Fanes;
The meek Peruvians gaz'd in pale diſmay,
Nor barr'd the dark Oppreſſor's ſanguine way:
And ſoon imperial Cuzco, where the beams
Of infant Glory flow'd in pureſt ſtreams,
Where the young Arts had ſhed unfolding Flowers,
A ſcene of ſpreading Deſolation low'rs;
While in Deſpair's chill gloom, or Death's deep ſhade,
Thoſe luſtres ſicken, and thoſe bloſſoms fade.

Yet, loſt Peruvia! not Ambition's claim,
Not the wild wiſh that wakes his ſanguine flame,

Not glitt'ring Wealth's ſeducing lure, alone
From thy cruſh'd Spirit calls th' expiring groan:
For, lo! a fiercer Fiend with joy elate
Feaſts on thy ſuff'rings, and impels thy fate.
Fanatic Fury rears her ſullen Shrine,
Where gnawing Vultures prey, where venom'd Adders twine:
Her ſavage arm with purple torrents ſtains
Thy rocking Temples, and thy falling Fanes;
Her blazing Torches flaſh the mounting fire,
She graſps the Sabre, and ſhe lights the Pyre;
Her voice is Thunder rending the ſtill air,
Her glance the livid Lightning's lurid glare,
Her lips unhallow'd breathe their impious ſtrain,
And pure Religion's ſacred voice profane.
Whoſe precepts Pity's mildeſt deeds approve,
Whoſe Law is Mercy, and whoſe Soul is Love!
Ah! ſee fanatic Fury wakes the Storm ---
She wears the ſtern VALVERDA's hideous form:
His ſullen ſoul no ray of pity knows,
No ſhriek of anguiſh breaks its dark repoſe.

Yon Temple nods!---an aged form appears
He beats his breaſt---he rends his ſilver hairs
VALVERDA drags him from the bleſt abode
Where his meek Spirit humbly fought its God---
Seel to his aid his Child, ſoft ZILLA, ſprings,
And ſteeps in tears the Robe to which ſhe clings---
Then, burſting from Peruvia's frighted throng,
Two warlike youths impetuous ruſh'd along;
One, graſp'd his twanging bow with furious air,
While in his troubled eye ſat fierce Deſpair---
But all in vain his erring weapon flies---
Pierc'd by a thouſand wounds on earth he lies---
The mourning ZILLA to her ſhiv'ring breaſt
His bleeding form in ſpeechleſs anguiſh preſt;
While the fond Youth, who ſhar'd his danger, flew,
And from his heart a reeking ſabre drew---
" Deep in my faithful boſom let me hide
" The fatal ſteel that would our ſouls divide!"
He quick exclaim'd---the dying Warrior cries,
" Ah yet forbear! by all the ſacred ties
" That

" That blend our hearts, forbear!"---In vain he ſpoke,
Friendſhip with frantic zeal impels the ſtroke---
" Thyſelf for ever loſt, thou hop'ſt in vain:
" (The youth replied) my ſpirit to detain---
" From thee my ſoul in Childhood's earlieſt year
" Caught the light Pleaſure, on the rapid Tear;
" Thy Friendſhip then my young Affections bleſt,
" The firſt pure Paſſion of my infant breaſt;
" Whoſe ardent flame o'er Life delight has ſhed,
" By reaſon cheriſh'd, and by virtue fed:
" And ſtill in death I feel its ſtrong controul,
" Its ſacred impulſe wings my fleeting ſoul,
" That only lingers here till thou depart,
" Whoſe image lives upon my fainting heart!"
In vain the gen'rous Youth with panting breath
Pour'd theſe ſad murmurs in the ear of Death:
He reads the fatal truth in ZULMA's eye,
And gives to Friendſhip his expiring ſigh---
But now with rage VALVERDA's glances roll,
And mark the vengeance rankling in his ſoul;

He

He bends his wrinkled brow—his lips impart
The brooding purpoſe of th' envenom'd heart—
He bids the hoary Prieſt, (in mutter'd ſtrains)
Abjure his faith, forſake his falling fanes,
While yet the ling'ring pangs of torture wait,
While yet his power ſuſpends impending fate.
" Vain man! (the Victim cried) to hoary years
" Know Death is mild, and Virtue feels no fears:
" Cruel of Spirit! come, let tortures prove
" The Power I ſerv'd in Life, in Death I love!"
And now with rugged cords his limbs they bound,
And drag the aged Suff'rer on the ground;
They graſp his feeble form, his treſſes tear,
His robe they rend, his ſhrivell'd boſom bare—
Ah ſee his uncomplaining Soul ſuſtain
The ſting of inſult, and the dart of pain;
His ſtedfaſt Spirit feels one pang alone,
A Child's deſpair awakes one feeble groan—
The Mourner kneels to catch his parting breath,
To ſooth the agony of ling'ring death—

No moan ſhe breath'd, no tear had power to flow;
Dies on her quiv'ring lip th' unutter'd woe;
Yet ah! her livid cheek, her ſtedfaſt look,
The deſolated ſoul's deep anguiſh ſpoke—
Mild Victim! cloſe not yet thy languid eyes,
Pure Spirit! claim not yet thy kindred ſkies;
A pitying Angel comes to ſtay thy flight—
Las Casas * bids thee view returning light—
Ah let that ſacred drop to Virtue dear
Efface thy wrongs—receive his precious tear—
See his fluſh'd cheek with indignation glow,
While from his lips the tones of Pity flow:
" Oh ſuff'ring Lord! (he cried) whoſe ſtreaming blood
" Was pour'd for man—Earth drank the hallow'd flood—
" Whoſe Mercy in the mortal pang forgave
" The murd'rous Band thy Love alone could ſave;
" Forgive! (thy Goodneſs burſts each narrow bound
" Which feeble thought, and human hope ſurround)

* " Las Casas, &c." that amiable Eccleſiaſtic who obtained from his humanity the title of Protector of the Indians.

" Forgive the guilty wretch whoſe impious hands
" From thy pure Altar flings the flaming brands;
" In human blood that hallow'd Altar ſteeps,
" Libation dire! while groaning Nature weeps;
" The limits of thy Mercy dares to ſcan,
" The Object of thy love his Victim—Man—
" Ah while I linger, lo! the Suff'rer dies—
" I ſee his frame convuls'd—I hear his ſighs"—
With eager ſtep he flew, with trembling hands
Broke the ſtrong fetters, burſt the iron bands,
Then firmly cried, " Whoe'er ſhall now controul
" The ſtedfaſt purpoſe of my ſwelling ſoul,
" Firſt in this breaſt ſhall plunge his guilty dart,
" Firſt drink the ling'ring drops that warm my heart"—
As the fall'n Angel heard with chilling fear
The Cherub's grave rebuke, in grace ſevere,
And fled, while Horror plum'd his impious Creſt,*
The Form of Virtue as ſhe ſtood confeſt,

* " On his impious Creſt ſat Horror plum'd."—Milton's *Paradiſe Loſt.*

So ſtern VALVERDA ſullen mov'd along,
Abaſh'd, and follow'd by the guilty throng:
And now unbound the hoary Victim's chain,
LAS CASAS ſoftly bears him o'er the plain;
His ZILIA's yielding ſoul the joy oppreſt,
She bath'd in falling tears his wither'd breaſt,
Now in a dear embrace her Sire ſhe claſp'd,
His holy Guardian's knees then trembling graſp'd—
And now LAS CASAS' eyes explore a Cave
Whoſe ſhaggy ſides the languid billows lave;
"There reſt ſecure (he cried); the Chriſtian's God
"Will hover near, will guard the lone abode"—
Oft to the gloomy Cell his ſteps repair,
While Night's chill breezes wave his ſilver'd hair;
O'er Sorrow's drooping form ah ſee him ſhed
Balms that revive her pale expiring head;
While in the tones of Love, the words of Peace,
He bids the tears of cureleſs Anguiſh ceaſe,
Bids drooping Hope uplift her languid eyes,
And points a dearer Bliſs beyond the Skies—

Yet all in vain his pious cares would ſave
The hoary Suff'rer from the yawning grave;
For deep the tort'ring pangs had pierc'd his frame,
Sunk in his ſoul, and quench'd life's waſting flame:
Las Casas' hand with quiv'ring lip he preſt,
He faintly claſp'd his Zilia to his breaſt,
Then cried, "Tho' veil'd till now the ſacred light,
"The God who ruſhes on my mental ſight,
"Yet its meek vows my Spirit lov'd to pour,
"My proſtrate heart obey'd, unknowing more---
"His mild forgiveneſs then my ſoul ſhall prove,
"His mercy ſhare---Las Casas' God is Love!"---
He ſpoke no more---his Zilia's piercing moan
Reſponſive roſe to Nature's dying groan---
"Victim of impious zeal, (Las Casas cries)
"Accept, departed Shade, a Chriſtian's ſighs;
"And thou, ſoft Mourner! tender, hapleſs form,
"What power ſhall ſhield thee from the burſting Storm?"
"Weep not for me, (ſhe cried); this throbing breaſt
"Soon in the ſhelt'ring Earth ſhall find its reſt;

"Hope

" Hope not the Victim of Deſpair to ſave;
" She aſks but death---ſhe only ſeeks a grave---
" Witneſs, thou mangled form, that earth retains!
" Witneſs a bleeding Lover's cold Remains---
" I liv'd a Father's pangs to ſoothe, to ſhare,
" Tho' Death was mild Repoſe, and Life, Deſpair---
" In vain my AZA, urg'd by fond deſire,
" To ſhield from Power's rude graſp my feeble Sire,
" Flew to the Fane where ſtern VALVERDA rag'd,
" And fearleſs with unequal force engag'd;
" I ſaw him bleeding, panting preſs the ground,
" I ſuck'd the poiſon from each gaping wound---
" I bath'd his form with tears---he pour'd a ſigh---
" A drop hung trembling in his cloſing eye---
" Ah ſtill his mournful ſigh I ſhiv'ring hear!
" In every throbing pulſe I feel his tear---
" I faint---an icy coldneſs chills each vein---
" No more theſe feeble limbs their load ſuſtain;
" Spirit of Pity! cloſe my ſinking eye---
" A moment ſtay---and catch my parting ſigh---

" LAS

"LAS CASAS, thee thy God in mercy gave
"To ſoothe my pangs---to find the wretch a grave."---
She ceas'd---her Spirit fled to brighter Spheres,
LAS CASAS bathes the pallid Corſe with tears---
Fly, Miniſter of Good! nor ling'ring ſhed
Thoſe fruitleſs ſorrows o'er th' unconſcious Dead---
Ah fly! 'tis Innocence, 'tis Virtue bleeds---
And Heav'n will liſten when an Angel pleads---
I view the purple flood, the mounting flame,
I hear a ſuff'ring World LAS CASAS claim!

The

The ARGUMENT.

Almagro's *expedition to Chili—his troops ſuffer great hardſhips from cold, in croſſing the Andes—they reach Chili—the Chileſe make a brave reſiſtance—the revolt of the Peruvians in Cuzco—they are led on by* Manco-Capac, *the ſucceſſor of* Atabiba*—his parting with* Cora, *his wife—the Peruvians regain half their city—*Almagro *leaves Chili—to avoid the Andes, he croſſes a vaſt deſart—his troops can find no water—numbers periſh—the reſt divide in two bands—*Alphonſo *leads the ſecond band, which ſoon reaches a fertile valley—the Spaniards obſerve the natives are employed in ſearching the ſtreams for gold—they reſolve to attack them.*

CANTO THE FOURTH.

NOW the ſtern Partner of Pizarro's toils,
Almagro, lur'd by hope of golden ſpoils,
To diſtant Chili's ever-verdant Meads,
Thro' paths untrod, a band of Warriors leads—
O'er the high Andes' frozen Steeps they go,
And linger 'mid eternal hills of ſnow:
In vain the viviſying Orb of Day
Darts on th' impervious Ice his fervid ray;
Cold, keen as chains the Oceans of the Pole,
Blaſts the ſhrunk frame, and chills the vig'rous ſoul—
At length they reach luxuriant Chili's plain,
Where ends the dreary bound of Winter's reign;

Where Spring in bloſſoms hid his haggard form,
Bade her mild Soul his ſhiv'ring boſom warm,
On his wan lip her tender ſmile impreſt,
And ſmooth'd with ſoft'ning touch his ruffled veſt;
Shed her mild odours thro' th' unvaried Year,
And bath'd the flower of Summer with her tear.

When firſt the brave Chileſe with eager glance
Beheld the Foe in hoſtile ire advance,
Heard the loud Thunder of the Cannons craſh,
And view'd the Light'ning of the inſtant flaſh,
The threat'ning Sabre red with purple ſtreams,
The Lance that quiver'd in the ſolar beams,
With pale ſurprize they ſaw the low'ring Storm
Where hung dark Danger in an unknown form.
But ſoon their Spirits ſtung with gen'rous ſhame
Renounce each terror, and for vengeance flame,
Pant high with ſacred Freedom's ardent glow,
And dauntleſs meet the formidable Foe.

Long

Long unſubdu'd by ſtern ALMAGRO's train
Their valiant Tribes th' unequal fight ſuſtain,
Long Vict'ry hover'd doubtful o'er the field,
While oft' ſhe forc'd Iberia's Band to yield,
Oft tore from Spain's proud head her laurel bough,
And bade it bloſſom on Peruvia's brow;
When ſudden tidings reach'd ALMAGRO's ear
That ſhook his ſoul with doubt and thrilling fear.

Of murder'd ATALIBA's royal Race
There yet remain'd a Youth of blooming grace,
Who pin'd the Captive of relentleſs Spain,
And long in Cuzco drag'd her iron chain;
CAPAC his name, whoſe ſoul indignant bears
The rankling fetters which it bleeding wears.
But ſince his daring Spirit muſt forego
The hope to ruſh upon the tyrant foe,
Led by the glowing Orb that gives the Day,
And fierce as darts his keen meridian ray,

He vows to bend unſeen his hoſtile courſe,
And then terrific riſe, with latent force,
As from its ſullen Cloud, the brooding Storm
Burſts in the Thunder's voice, the Light'ning's form.
For this, from ſtern PIZARRO he obtains
The boon, enlarg'd, to ſeek the heighb'ring Plains
For one bleſs'd Day, and with his friends unite
To crown with ſolemn pomp an antient Rite,
Share the dear Pleaſures of the ſocial hour,
And mid' their Fetters twine one feſtal flower.
So ſpoke the Prince—far other thoughts poſſeſt,
Far other purpoſe ſwell'd his throbing breaſt:
For now Peruvia's Nobles he commands
To lead, with ſilent ſtep, her martial Bands
Forth to the deſtin'd ſpot, prepar'd to dare
The fierceſt ſhock of dire unequal War,
While each dear intereſt of the boſom pleads,
And urges the firm ſoul to lofty deeds.

Now

Now CAPAC hail'd the fateful Morning's light,
Roſe with its dawn, and panted for the fight:
But firſt with paſſion to his ſoul he preſt
The tender CORA, partner of his breaſt;
Who with her Lord had fought the Dungeon's gloom,
And waſted there her Beauty's roſeate bloom.
" No more (he cried) ſhall thy mild Spirit feel
" The mingled agonies I fly to heal—
" I go, but ſoon exulting ſhall return,
" And bid my weeping CORA ceaſe to mourn;
" For oh amid each grief my boſom knows,
" What waſtes, what wounds it moſt, are CORA's woes—
" Sweet was the Love that crown'd our happier hours,
" And ſhed new fragrance o'er a Path of Flowers!
" But ſure the pang of Sorrow more endears
" The tie, that trembling Paſſion ſeals with tears"—
He paus'd—faſt-flowing drops bedew'd her eyes,
While thus, in mournful accents, ſhe replies;
" Still let me feel the preſſure of thy chain,
" Still ſhare the fetters which my Love detain!

" Theſe

" Theſe piercing Irons to my ſoul are dear,
" Their ſharpneſs will not wound while thou art near—
" Yet think not, when in thee alone I live,
" My ſoul can bear the pains that parting give—
" Look on our tender Babe, in mis'ry nurſt!
" My Child—thy Mother's ſwelling heart will burſt—
" Methinks I ſee the raging Battle riſe,
" And hear this harmleſs Suff'rer's piercing cries;
" I view the blades that drink a purple flood,
" And dip their cruel edge in Infant blood"—
She paus'd—on her pale lip the accents die,
Yet her ſoul ſpoke expreſſive in her eye.
Her Lord with ſympathetic pain beholds
His CORA's grief, while to his heart he folds
Her fainting form; then to a ſheltring Fane
Her ſtep he leads, and flying ſeeks the Plain.

Now high in air his feather'd Standard waves,
And ſoon from ſhrouding Woods, and hollow Caves,

A num'rous hoſt along the plain appear,
And hail their Monarch with a ſilent tear;
Swift to imperial Cuzco's Gates they ruſh,
And ſuch their ſenſe of wrongs, their ardour ſuch,
In dear defence of every tender name
That Nature knows, or Paſſion loves to claim,
That all in vain PIZARRO's powerful force
Would ſtay the torrent in its raging courſe,
In vain his murd'ring Bands terrific ſtood,
And plung'd their Sabres in a ſea of blood;
Danger and Death Peruvia's Sons diſdain,
And half their captive City ſoon regain.
With ſuch pure joy its Natives view their Lord
To the warm wiſhes of their ſouls reſtor'd,
As feels the tender Child whom force had torn
From its lov'd home, and bruis'd the Flower of Morn!
When its fond ſearching glance again reveals
Its Mother's form, when its ſoft boſom feels
Her claſping arms, wets with mild tears her face,
And finds its ſafety in her dear embrace.

Soon

Soon as ALMAGRO heard the voice of Fame
The triumphs of Peruvia loud proclaim,
Unconquer'd Chili's Vale he ſwift forſakes,
And his dark courſe to diſtant Cuzco takes;
Shuns Andes' icy Shower, its chilling Snows,
The arrowy Gale that on its ſummit blows,
And roaming o'er a burning Deſart, vaſt,
Meets the fierce ardours of the fiery Blaſt:
Now, as along the ſultry Waſte they move,
The keeneſt pang of raging thirſt they prove;
No roſy Fruit its cooling juice diſtills,
Nor flows one balmy drop from cryſtal Rills,
For Nature ſickens in th' oppreſſive beam,
That ſhrinks the vernal Bud, and dries the Stream,
While Horror, as his giant Statute grows,
O'er the drear Void his ſpreading Shadow throws.

ALMAGRO's Band, now pale and fainting, ſtray,
While Death oft' barr'd the ſinking Warrior's way.

At

At length the Chief divides his martial force,
And bids ALPHONSO by a ſep'rate courſe
Lead o'er th' untrodden Deſart half his train,
" And ſearch (he cried) this drear, uncultur'd Plain:
" Perchance ſome fruitage withering in the breeze,
" The pains of leſſen'd Numbers may appeaſe,
" Or Heav'n in pity, from ſome falling Shower,
" On the parch'd lip one precious drop may pour."

Not far the Troop of young ALPHONSO went,
When ſudden, from a riſing Hill's aſcent
They view a Valley, fed by fertile Springs
Which Andes from his lofty ſummit flings,
Where ſummer's blooms their mingled odours ſhed,
And glows a roſeate Waſte by Beauty ſpread!
To their charm'd gaze the fair enchanting ſcene
That 'mid the howling Deſart ſmil'd ſerene,
Appear'd like Nature riſing from the breaſt
Of Chaos, in her infant graces dreſt,

When warbling Angels hail'd the lovely birth,
And ſtoop'd from Heav'n to bleſs the new-born Earth.

And now ALPHONSO, and his martial Band,
On the rich border of the Valley ſtand;
The limpid Stream they quaff with eager haſte,
The dulcet juice that ſwells the Fruitage taſte;
Then give to balmy Reſt the Night's ſtill hours,
Fann'd by the ſighing Gale that ſhuts the Flowers.
Soon as the Morning ting'd her fragrant dews
With the pure luſtre of her azure hues;
They ſaw the gentle Natives of the Mead
Search the clear currents for the golden ſeed,
Which from the Mountain's height with ſweepy ſway
They bear, and on the Lawn's calm boſom lay——
Iberia's Sons beheld with anxious brow
The ſhining Lure, then breathe th' unpitying Vow
O'er thoſe fair Lawns to pour a ſanguine Flood,
And dye thoſe lucid Streams with waves of blood.

Thus

Thus, while the Humming Bird in Beauty dreſt,
(Enchanting offspring of the ardent Weſt!)
Attunes his ſoothing Song to notes of Love,
Mild as the murmurs of the mourning Dove;
While glows his burniſh'd plume with brighter hues,
And ſips his tender bill the pearly dews;
The cruel Condor on terrific wings,
From Andes' frozen ſteep relentleſs ſprings;
And quiv'ring in his fangs, his hapleſs prey
Drops his ſoft plume, and ſighs his ſoul away.

The ARGUMENT.

Character of Zamor, *a Bard---his paſſion for* Aciloe, *daughter of the Cazique who rules the valley---the Peruvian tribe prepare to defend themſelves---a battle---the Peruvians are vanquiſhed---*Aciloe's *father is made a priſoner, and* Zamor *is ſuppoſed to have fallen in the engagement.---*Alphonſo *becomes enamour'd of* Aciloe---*offers to marry her; ſhe rejects him---in revenge he puts her father to the torture---ſhe appears to conſent, in order to ſave him---meets* Zamor *in a wood---*Las Caſas *joins them---leads the two Lovers to* Alphonſo, *and obtains their freedom---*Zamor *conducts* Aciloe *and her father to Chili---a reflection on the influence of Poetry over the human mind.*

CANTO THE FIFTH.

IN this ſweet Scene where Virtue's radiance ſhin'd,
Mild ZAMOR own'd the richeſt gifts of mind;
For o'er his tuneful breaſt the heav'nly Muſe
Shed, from her ſacred Springs, their richeſt dews.
She loves to breathe her hallow'd flame where Art
Has never veil'd the ſoul, or warp'd the heart;
Where Fancy glows with all her native fire,
And Paſſion lives on the exulting Lyre!
Nature, in Terror rob'd, or Beauty dreſt,
Could thrill with dear enchantment ZAMOR's breaſt:
He lov'd the languid ſigh the Zephyr pours,
He lov'd the weeping Rill that feed the flow'rs;

But more the hollow ſound the wild Winds form
When black upon the Billow hangs the Storm!
The rolling Torrent daſhing down the Steep,
Its white foam trembling on the darken'd Deep—
And oft' on Andes' height, with eager gaze
He view'd the ſinking Sun's reflected rays
Glow like unnumber'd Stars, that ſeem to reſt
Sublime, upon his ice-encircled breaſt.—
Oft his wild warblings charm'd the feſtal hour,
Roſe in the Vale, and languiſh'd in the Bower;
The heart's reſponſive tones he well could move,
Whoſe Song was Nature, and whoſe theme was Love.

For now with paſſion warm, his feeling breaſt
The fair ACILOE's tender charms confeſt:
Yet lovelier ſtill her ſoul's ſoft graces ſhine,
And round his heart their mild endearments twine.
Ah ſtay ye roſeate Hours of young Delight!—
Linger ye Moments in your rapid flight—

For

For ſure if aught on Earth can bliſs impart,
Can ſhed the genuine joy that ſooths the heart,
'Tis felt when early Paſſion's pure controul
Unfolds the firſt Affections of the Soul,
Bids her ſoft ſympathies the boſom move,
And wakes the mild emotions dear to Love.

The gentle Tribe ACILOE's Sire obey'd,
Who ſtill in wiſdom, and in mercy ſway'd.
Far from his breaſt the radiant dreams were fled
That o'er the Morn of Life enchantment ſhed:
Yet oft as Mem'ry's faithful touch renews
Its varied ſcene, in all her vivid hues,
As roſe the pictur'd Landſcape on his ſight,
'Twas gilded o'er by Virtue's veſtal light:
On Paſſion's Roſe, that ſweeter fragrance ſhed,
Mild Innocence reclin'd her Lily head;
Clear ſhone th' unruffled Mirror in his breaſt,
And Life was Joy ſerene, and Death was Reſt!

Tho' bright the early Spring's enchanting dawn,
When firſt her ſoft hues tinge th' empurpled Lawn,
When ſweet as roſy grace, and fair as light,
She ſwells the panting heart with dear delight;
Yet not unlovely is the milder ray
That meekly beams o'er Autumn's temper'd Day.
Dear to the penſive ſoul the moaning breeze
That wanders mid the Grove, and bares the Trees,
While ſoft the deepning Shadows roll, till light
Sinks in the veil of Winter's cloſing Night.

Now the charm'd Lovers deck their future Years
In forms of Joy, then weep delicious tears—
Expreſſive on the glowing cheek they hung,
And ſpoke the fine emotions whence they ſprung—
'Twas Truth's warm energy, Love's ſweet controul,
'Twas all that Virtue whiſpers to the ſoul—
When, lo! Iberia's ruthleſs Sons advance,
Roll the ſtern eye, and ſhake the beamy Lance,

Oh Nature! the deſtroying Band oppoſe,
Nature, arreſt their courſe! they come thy foes—
Benignant Power! where thou with lib'ral care
Haſt planted Joy, they come to plant Deſpair—
Peruvia's Tribe beheld the hoſtile Throng
With deſolating fury pour along,
With horror their enſanguin'd path they trac'd,
And now to meet the murd'ring Band they haſte:
The hoary Chief to the dire Conflict leads
His death-devoted Train—the Battle bleeds.

Aciloe's ſearching glance can now no more
The form of Zamor, or her Sire explore—
She hears the moan of Death in every Gale,
She ſees a purple Torrent ſtain the Vale;
While deſtin'd every bitterneſs to prove
Of mourning Duty, and of bleeding Love,
Each Name that's deareſt wakes her burſting ſigh,
Throbs at her ſoul, and trembles in her eye.

Now, pierc'd by wounds, with ſlow, unequal Pace,
Her Friend, the valiant OMAR, reach'd the Place,
Where, for he felt the pang of death was nigh,
His fleeting ſoul might yield its parting ſigh:
"OMAR (ſhe cried) you bleed, unhappy Youth!—
"And ſure that look unfolds ſome fatal truth—
"Speak, pitying ſpeak, my frantic fears forgive—
"Say, does my Father—does my ZAMOR live?"
"All, all is loſt (the dying OMAR ſaid)
"And cureleſs griefs are thine, dear, tender Maid:
"I ſaw thy aged Sire a Captive bound,
"I ſaw thy ZAMOR preſs the crimſon ground"—
He could no more—he yields his quiv'ring breath,
While all in vain ſhe ſeeks the reſt of death,
To heal the mingled woe, the high-wrought pain
Which ſcarce her fainting Spirit can ſuſtain:
But, oh, how far each other pang above
Throbs the wild agony of hopeleſs Love!
That grief, for which in vain would Comfort ſhed
Her healing balms, or Time in pity ſpread

The

The veil that throws a ſofter ſhade o'er Care
To ſooth the cheriſh'd Sorrow; for Deſpair
Caſts o'er the ſhiv'ring Soul her deepeſt gloom,
And ſlowly leads her Victim to the Tomb.

Now rude tumultuous ſounds aſſail her ear,
And ſoon ALPHONSO's Victor Train appear;
Then, as with ling'ring ſtep he mov'd behind,
She ſaw her aged Sire, whom fetters bind—
She ſaw with dire diſmay, ſhe wildly flew,
Around his form her ſnowy arms ſhe threw—
" He bleeds! (ſhe cries) I hear his moan of pain!—
" My Father will not bear the galling chain—
" My tender Father dies, and will forſake
" His mourning Child, but ſoon her heart will break—
" Yet firſt theſe guſhing eyes ſhall bathe in tears
" Thoſe iron fetters his ſhrunk boſom wears—
" Cruel ALPHONSO, let not feeble age
" Feel thy hard yoke, and meet thy barb'rous rage;

" Or, oh! if ever Mercy mov'd thy ſoul,
" If ever thou haſt felt her mild controul,
" Grant my ſad ſoul's deſire, and let me ſhare
" The load that feeble frame but ill can bear."

While the young Victor, as ſhe falt'ring ſpoke,
With fix'd attention, and with ardent look,
Hung on her melting glance that Love inſpires,
The flames of Vengeance yield to milder fires.
Yet, as he gaz'd enraptur'd on her form,
Her Virtues awe the heart her Beauties warm;
And, while impaſſion'd tones his love reveal,
He aſks with holy Rites his Vows to ſeal—
" Hop'ſt thou (ſhe cried) thoſe ſacred ties ſhall join
" This bleeding heart, this trembling hand to thine?
" To thine! whoſe ruthleſs heart has caus'd my pains,
" Whoſe barb'rous hand the blood of ZAMOR ſtains—
" Can'ſt thou—the Murd'rer of my peace, controul
" The grief that ſwells, the pang that rends my Soul?

" That

" That pang ſhall death, ſhall death alone remove,
" And cure the anguiſh of deſpairing Love."—

In vain th' enamour'd Youth eſſay'd each art
To calm her ſorrows, and to ſooth her heart;
While, in the range of thought, her tender breaſt
Could find no hope on which its griefs might reſt,
While her ſoft ſoul whom ZAMOR's image fills,
Shrinks from the Author of its preſſing ills.
At length, to madneſs ſtung by fix'd diſdain,
The Victor gives to Rage the fiery Rein;
And bids her ſorrows flow from that fond ſource
Where ſtrong Affection feels their keeneſt force,
Whoſe breaſt, when moſt it ſuffers, only heeds
The ſharper pang by which another bleeds:
For now his cruel Mandate doom'd her Sire,
Stretch'd on the Bed of Torture, to expire—
Bound on the Rack unmov'd the Victim lies,
Stifling in Agony weak Nature's ſighs—

But,

But, ah! what form of Language can impart
The frantic grief that wrung Acilor's heart,
When to the height of hopeleſs Sorrow wrought,
The fainting Spirit feels a pang of thought
Which never painted in the hues of ſpeech,
Lives at the Soul, and mocks Expreſſion's reach!
At length ſhe trembling cried, "The conflict's o'er—
"My heart—my breaking heart! can bear no more—
"Yet ſpare that hoary form—my Vows receive,
"And, oh! in mercy, bid my Father live"—
"Wilt thou be mine?" th' enamour'd Chief replies;
"Yes, Cruel! ſee—he dies, my Father dies!
"Save, ſave my Father"—"Dear, angelic Maid
(The charm'd Alphonso cried) be ſwift obey'd;
"Unbind his chains—Ah! calm each anxious pain,
"Acilor's voice no more ſhall plead in vain;
"Plac'd near his child, the aged Sire ſhall ſhare
"Our joys, ſtill cheriſh'd by thy tender care"—
"No more (ſhe cried) will fate that bliſs allow;
"Before my lips ſhall breathe the nuptial Vow

"Some

" Some faithful Guide ſhall lead his aged feet
" To diſtant Scenes, that yield a ſafe retreat,
" Where ſome ſoft heart, ſome gentle hand will ſhed
" The drops of Comfort on his hoary head:
" My ZAMOR! if thy Spirit trembles near,
" Pardon"—ſhe ceas'd—Earth drank her ſilent tear.

Now Night deſcends, and ſteeps each weary breaſt,
Save ſad ACILOE's, in the balms of Reſt.
Her aged Father's beauteous Dwelling ſtood
Near the cool ſhelter of a waving Wood;
But now the Gales that bend its Foliage die,
Soft on the ſilver'd Turf its Shadows lie,
While, ſlowly wand'ring o'er the Scene below,
The gazing Moon look'd pale as ſilent Woe;
The ſacred Shade, amid' whoſe fragrant Bowers
ZAMOR oft ſooth'd with Song the Evening hours,
Pour'd to the Lunar Orb his magic Lay,
More mild, more penſive than her quiv'ring ray:

That Shade with trembling ſtep the Mourner ſought,
And thus ſhe breath'd her tender, plaintive thought—
" Ah where, dear Object of theſe piercing pains,
" Where reſts thy murder'd Form, thy lov'd Remains?
" On what ſad ſpot, my ZAMOR, flow'd the wound
" That purpled with thy ſtreaming blood the ground?—
" Oh had ACILOE in that hour been nigh!
" Had'ſt thou but fix'd on me thy cloſing eye,
" Told with faint Voice, 'twas Death's worſt pang to part,
" And drop'd thy laſt, cold tear upon my heart;
" A milder pang would waſte this ſhiv'ring breaſt,
" That in the Grave alone ſhall ſeek its reſt—
" Soon as ſome friendly hand in mercy leads
" My aged Sire to Chili's blooming Meads,
" Horror, and Death, ſhall ſeal the nuptial tie;
" The heart you lov'd, that heart is fix'd to die"—
She ceas'd, when dimly thro' a flood of tears
She ſees her ZAMOR's form, his voice ſhe hears—
" 'Tis he! (ſhe cried) he moves upon the Gale,
" His trembling ſigh is ſad, his look is pale—
" I faint"

I faint"—his arms receive her ſinking frame—
He calls his Love by every tender name;
He ſtays her fleeting Spirit: Life anew
Warms her cold cheek—his tears her cheek bedew—
"Thy Zamor lives! (he cried) as on the ground
"I ſenſeleſs lay, ſome child of Pity bound
"My bleeding wounds, and bore me from the plain—
"But thou art loſt, and I have liv'd in vain"—
"Forgive, (ſhe cried in accents of deſpair)
"Zamor forgive thy wrongs, and oh! forbear
"The look of mild reproach that fills thy eye,
"The tear that wets thy cheek—I mean to die!
"To pour the ling'ring drops, that chill'd by woe
"Scarce warm my ſhiv'ring heart, and faintly flow—
"Could I behold my aged Sire endure
"The pains his wretched Child had power to cure?
"Still ſtretch'd in death that hoary form I ſee!
"His grey locks trembling, as he gaz'd on me—
"My Zamor, ſoft!—breathe not ſo loud a ſigh—
"Some lift'ning Foe may pityleſs deny.

" This parting hour—hark! ſure ſome ſtep I hear,
" ZAMOR again is loſt—for now 'tis near"—
She paus'd, when ſudden from the ſhelt'ring Wood
A venerable form before them ſtood:
" Fear not, ſoft Maid, (he cry'd) nor think I come
" To ſeal with darker woes thy wretched doom;
" To bruiſe the breaking heart that ſorrow rends!
" Ah! not for this LAS CASAS hither bends—
" He comes to bid thoſe riſing ſorrows ceaſe,
" To pour upon thy wounds the balm of peace.
" I rov'd with ſtern ALMAGRO's ruthleſs Train
" Thro' ſcenes of death, to Chili's verdant Plain;
" Their wiſh, to bathe that verdant Plain in gore,
" Then from its boſom drag the golden Ore;
" But mine, to check the Stream of human blood,
" Or mingle drops of Anguiſh with its Flood.
" When from thoſe fair unconquer'd Vales they fled,
" This form was ſtretch'd upon the languid bed
" Of pale Diſeaſe: ſoon as forlorn, alone,
" The Chileſe ſpy'd their friend—the Murd'rers gone—

" With eager fondneſs round my Couch they drew,
" And my cold hand with guſhing tears bedew;
" By Day, they ſooth my pains with ſweet delight,
" And give to watchings the chill hours of Night;
" For me their tender Spirits joy to prove
" The cares of Pity, and the toils of Love —
" Soon as I heard that, o'er this gentle ſcene
" Where Joy and Virtue mingled ſmiles ſerene,
" The Foe like Clouds that fold the Tempeſt hung,
" I hither flew, with thrilling anguiſh wrung.
" A Chileſe Band the pathleſs Deſart trac'd,
" And ſoftly bore me o'er its dreary Waſte;
" Then parting, at my feet they kneel, and claſp
" This aged form — my ſoul yet feels their graſp!
" Now o'er the Vale with painful ſtep I ſtray'd,
" And reach'd the ſhelt'ring Grove: there, tender Maid,
" My liſt'ning ear has caught thy piercing wail,
" My heart has trembled to thy moving Tale" —
" And art thou he? (the mournful Pair exclaim)
" How dear to Mis'ry's ſoul LAS CASAS' name!

" Spirit benign! who ev'ry grief can ſhare,
" Who ſtoops to make the groaning Wretch his care.
" Weep not for us—in vain thy tear ſhall flow
" For hopeleſs anguiſh, and for cureleſs woe,
" For agonies deſpair alone can feel,
" For pangs LAS CASAS' pity fails to heal"—
They ceas'd, in accents mild the Saint returns,
" Yet let me ſooth the pains my boſom mourns:
" Come, gentle Suff'rers, follow to yon Fane
" Where reſts ALPHONSO, with his Victor Train,
" My voice ſhall urge his ſoul to gen'rous deeds,
" And bid him hear when Truth and Nature pleads."
While in ſoft tones, LAS CASAS thus expreſt
His pious purpoſe, o'er ACHLOE's breaſt
A dawning ray of cheering Comfort ſtreams,
But faint the hope that on her Spirit beams,
Faint, as when ebbing Life muſt ſoon depart,
The Pulſe that trembles while it warms the heart.

Before Alphonso now the Lovers ſtand,
The aged Suff'rer join'd the mournful Band;
While, with the look that guardian Seraphs wear
When ſent to calm the throbs of mortal Care,
The ſtory of their woes Las Casas told,
Then cry'd, "The wretched Zamor here, behold:
"Hop'ſt thou, fond Man! a paſſion to controul
"Fix'd in the breaſt, and woven in the ſoul?
"Ah! know, miſtaken Youth, thy power in vain,
"Would bind thy Victim in the nuptial chain:
"That faithful heart will rend the galling tie,
"That heart will break!—that tender form will die—
"Then by each ſacred Name to Nature dear,
"By her ſtrong Shriek, her agonizing Tear,
"By each dark Horror bleeding Paſſion knows,
"By the wild glance that ſpeaks her frantic woes,
"By all the waſting pangs that rend her breaſt,
"By the deep groan that gives her Spirit reſt;
"Let Mercy's pleading Voice thy boſom move,
"And fear to burſt the bonds of plighted Love."

He

He paus'd — now ZAMOR's moan ALPHONSO hears,
Now ſees the cheek of Age bedew'd with tears —
Palid, and motionleſs, ACILOE ſtands,
Fix'd was her mournful eye, and claſp'd her hands:
Her heart was chill'd — her trembling heart, for there
Hope ſlowly ſinks in cold and dark Deſpair —
ALPHONSO's ſoul was mov'd — " No more (he cried)
" My hapleſs flame ſhall hearts like yours divide.
" Live, tender Spirit! ſoft ACILOE, live,
" And all the wrongs of mad'ning rage forgive.
" Go from this defolated Region far,
" Theſe Plains, where Av'rice ſpreads the waſte of War;
" Go, where pure Pleaſures gild the gentle ſcene,
" Go, where mild Virtue ſheds her ray ſerene."

In vain th' enraptur'd Maid would now impart
The riſing Joy that ſwells, that pains her heart;
LAS CASAS' feet in floods of tears ſhe ſteeps,
Looks on her Sire and ſmiles, then turns and weeps —

Then

Then ſmiles again—while her flufh'd cheek reveals
The mingled tumult of delight ſhe feels:
So fall the chryſtal Showers of fragrant Spring,
And o'er the pure, clear Sky ſoft Shadows fling,
Then paint the drooping Clouds from which they flow,
With the warm colours of the lucid Bow.
Now, o'er the barren Deſart ZAMOR leads
ACILOE and her Sire to Chili's Meads;
There many a wand'ring wretch, condemn'd to roam
By hard Oppreſſion, found a ſhelt'ring home:
ZAMOR to Pity tun'd the vocal Shell,
Bright'ning the tear of Anguiſh as it fell.
Did e'er the human boſom throb with pain
Th' enchanting Muſe has ſought to ſooth in vain?
She, who can ſtill with Harmony its ſighs,
And wake the ſound at which Affliction dies!
Can bid the ſtormy Paſſions backward roll,
And o'er their low-hung Tempeſts lift the ſoul;
With magic touch paint Nature's various Scene,
Dark on the Mountain, in the Vale ſerene;

Can

Can tinge the breathing Roſe with brighter bloom,
Or hang the ſombrous Rock in deeper gloom;
Explore the Gem whoſe pure, reflected ray
Throws o'er the central Cave a paler Day;
Or ſoaring view the Comet's fiery frame,
Ruſh o'er the ſky, and fold the ſphere in flame;
While the charm'd Spirit, as her accents move,
Is wrapt in Wonder, or diſſolv'd in Love.

The

The ARGUMENT.

The troops of Almagro *and* Alphonſo *meet on the plains of Cuzco* --- Manco-Capac *attacks them by night* --- *his army is defeated, and he is forced to fly with its ſcattered remains* --- Cora *goes in ſearch of him* --- *her infant in her arms* --- *overcome with fatigue, ſhe reſts at the foot of a mountain* --- *an earthquake* --- *a band of Indians fly to the mountains for ſhelter* --- Cora *diſcovers her huſband* --- *their interview* --- *her death* --- *he eſcapes with his infant* --- Almagro *claims a ſhare of the ſpoils of Cuzco* --- *his contention with* Pizarro --- *the Spaniards deſtroy each other* --- Almagro *is taken priſoner, and put to death* --- *his ſoldiers, in revenge, aſſaſſinate* Pizarro *in his palace* --- Las Caſas *dies* --- Gaſca, *a Spaniſh eccleſiaſtic, arrives in* Peru --- *inveſted with great power* --- *his virtuous conduct* --- *the annual feſtival of the Peruvians* --- *their late victories over the Spaniards in Chili* --- *a wiſh for the reſtoration of their liberty* --- *the Poem concludes.*

CANTO THE SIXTH.

AND now Almagro and Alphonso's train,
Each peril paſt, unite on Cuzco's Plain.
Capac, who view'd with throbs of anxious Woe
Th' increaſing numbers of the potent Foe,
Reſolv'd to ſeek beneath the ſhroud of Night,
Their hoſtile Camp, and dare the fateful Fight.
Tho' weak the Arrows of the whizzing ſhower,
Which wrong'd Peruvia's ruſhing Warriors pour,
To the dire Weapons proud Iberia owns,
On whoſe ſharp edge Death lowr'd with Gorgon frowns,
Fierce was th' unequal Conteſt, for the ſoul
When rais'd by ſome high Paſſion's ſtrong controul,

New ſtrings the Nerves, and o'er the glowing frame
Breathes the warm Spirit of her ardent Flame.

But from the Scene where raging Slaughter burns
The timid Muſe with pallid horror turns:
The ſounds of ſofter Woe ſhe panting hears,
Where anguiſh dims the female eye with tears;
Where all the pangs of frantic terror move
The fainting boſom of Connubial Love;
Where the deep throbs of agony impart
The fears that ſhiver at a Mother's heart;
Where the ſoft Maid, who gave to Love's mild power
Her tender Spirit, weeps the parting hour:
And ah! till Death ſhall eaſe the bleeding woe,
That ſoul muſt languiſh, and thoſe tears muſt flow:
For never with the thrill that Rapture proves
Shall fond Affection hail the form ſhe loves;
Her ardent glance no more that form ſhall view,
Her quiv'ring lip has breath'd the laſt adieu!

Now Night, who pour'd upon her hollow Gale
The moan of Death, withdrew her mournful Veil;
The Sun roſe lovely from the ſleeping Flood,
And Morning trembled o'er the Field of blood!
Where bath'd in gore, Peruvia's vanquiſh'd Train
Lay cold and ſenſeleſs on the ſanguine Plain:
Capac, their gen'rous Chief, whoſe ardent ſoul
Had fought the rage of Battle to controul,
Beheld with wild deſpair his Warriors yield,
And fled indignant from the conquer'd Field.
From Cuzco now a mourning Throng repair,
Who tread mid' ſlaughter'd heaps in mute deſpair,
O'er ſome lov'd Corſe the ſhroud of Earth to ſpread,
And drop the ſacred tear that ſooths the Dead—
No ſhriek was heard, for agony ſuppreſt
The fond complaints which eaſe the ſwelling breaſt;
Each hope for ever loſt, they only crave
The deep repoſe which wraps the ſhelt'ring Grave.
So the meek Lama, lur'd by ſome decoy
Of Man, from all his unembitter'd joy,

Ere-

Erewhile, as free as roves the wand'ring breeze,
Meets the hard burden on his bending knees *;
O'er Rocks and Mountains dark and waſte he goes,
Nor ſhuns the path where no ſoft herbage grows,
Till worn with toil, on Earth he proſtrate lies,
Heeds not the barb'rous Laſh, but patient dies.

Swift o'er the Field of Death ſad CORA flew—
Her Infant to her trembling boſom grew;
She ſeeks her wretched Lord, who fled the Plain
With the ſmall remnant of his vanquiſh'd Train.
Thro' the lone Vale, or Foreſt's ſombrous Shade,
A dreary Solitude, the Mourner ſtray'd;
That timid heart can now each Danger dare,
That drooping ſoul is arm'd by deep Deſpair!

Long,

* The Lama's bend their knees and ſtoop their body in ſuch a manner as not to diſcompoſe their burden. They move with a ſlow but firm pace, in countries that are impracticable to other animals. They are neither diſpirited by faſting nor drudgery, while they have any ſtrength remaining; but, when they are totally exhauſted, or fall under their burden, it is to no purpoſe to harraſs and beat them: they will continue ſtriking their heads on the ground, firſt on one ſide, then on the other, till they kill themſelves.

Abbé Raynal's *Hiſtory of the European Settlements.*

Long, long ſhe wander'd, till oppreſs'd with toil
Her trembling footſteps track with blood the ſoil—
In vain with moans her diſtant Lord ſhe calls,
In vain the tear of mingled anguiſh falls;
Her moan expires along the deſart wood—
Her tear is mingled with the crimſon flood.

Where o'er an ample Vale a Mountain roſe,
Low at its baſe her fainting form ſhe throws;
" And here, my child, (ſhe cried, with panting breath)
" Here let us wait the hour of ling'ring death—
" This ſhiv'ring boſom can no more ſupply
" The ſtreams that nouriſh Life, my Babe muſt die!
" In vain I ſtrive to cheriſh for thy ſake
" My failing ſtrength; but when my heart-ſtrings break,
" When my chill'd boſom can no longer warm,
" My ſtiff'ning arms no more enfold thy form,
" Soft on this Bed of leaves my Child ſhall ſleep,
" Cloſe to his Mother's Corſe he will not weep—
" Ah!

" Ah! weep not then, my tender Babe! tho' near,
" I ſhall not hear thy moan, nor ſee thy tear;
" Hope not to move me by thy piercing cry,
" Nor ſeek with ſearching look my anſw'ring eye"—
As thus the dying CORA's plaints aroſe,
O'er the fair Valley ſudden Darkneſs throws
A hideous horror; thro' the wounded Air
Howl'd the ſhrill Voice of Nature in Deſpair—
The Birds dart ſcreaming thro' the fluid Sky,
And, daſh'd upon the Cliff's hard ſurface, die;
High o'er their rocky bounds the Billows ſwell,
Then to their deep Abyſs affrighted fell;
Earth groaning heaves with dire convulſive throws,
While yawning Gulphs her central Caves diſcloſe.
Now ruſh'd a frighted Throng with trembling Pace,
Along the Vale, and ſought the Mountain's baſe,
Purpos'd its perilous Aſcent to gain,
And ſhun the Ruin low'ring o'er the Plain;
They reach'd the ſpot where CORA claſp'd her Child,
And gaz'd on preſent Death with aſpect mild—

They

They pitying paus'd—she lifts her mournful eye,
And views her Lord—he hears his Cora's sigh—
He sees her form!—their mingling souls unite,
O'erwhelm'd and agoniz'd with wild delight—
At length she faintly cried, "We yet must part,
"Amid' this swelling Joy, I feel my heart,
" My suff'ring heart is cold, and mists arise
" That shroud thy image from my closing eyes—
" Save my soft Child!—our tender Infant save—
" And shed a tear upon thy Cora's grave"—
The flutt'ring Pulse of Life now ceas'd to play,
And in his arms a pallid Corse she lay—
O'er her dear form he hung in speechless pain,
While icy horror chill'd each shiv'ring vein:
Scarce can the soul in one short moment bear
The strong extremes of transport, and despair,
When agonies, th' extatic tear controul—
Congeal the drop that gushes from the soul.

Now o'er the Weſt in melting ſoftneſs ſtreams
A luſtre milder than the morning beams,
A purer dawn diſpell'd th' incumbent Night,
And Nature glow'd in all the blooms of Light;
The Birds awake the Note that hails the Day,
And dip their Pinions in the living ray;
A Zone of gold the Wave's ſtill boſom bound,
And Beauty ſhed a placid ſmile around.
Then, firſt awaking from his mournful trance,
The wretched CAPAC caſt an eager glance
On his ſweet Babe; th' unconſcious Infant ſmil'd,
And ſhowers of ſofter ſorrow bath'd his Child:
The hollow Voice now ſounds in Fancy's ear,
He ſees the dying Look, the parting Tear,
That ſought with trembling tenderneſs to ſave
That dear Memorial from the cloſing Grave—
He claſps the Object of his Love's laſt care,
And vows the load of cureleſs ills to bear;
Rear the ſoft Bloſſom of a faded Flower,
And bid Remembrance ſooth each ling'ring hour.

He travers'd o'er a dreary length of way,
To Plains where Freedom ſhed her hallow'd ray;
O'er Mountains white with Snows, or dark with Thorn,
To that fair Clime his CORA's Corſe was borne—
Ye, who ne'er ſuffer'd Paſſion's hopeleſs pain,
Deem not the toil that ſooths its anguiſh vain;
Its fondneſs to the mould'ring Form extends,
Its mingling tear with the cold Aſhes blends—
Perchance, the conſcious Spirit of the Dead
Numbers the drops Affection loves to ſhed!
Perchance a ſigh of holy Pity gives
To the ſad boſom where its Image lives—
Ah, Nature! ſure thy ſympathetic ties
O'er the relentleſs Grave's dark Ruins riſe;
They ſoar undying from the chilling Tomb,
They ſhed in Climes of Love a purer bloom.

Not long Iberia's ſullied Trophies wave;
Her drooping Warriors preſs th' untimely grave:

For Av'rice, riſing from the Caves of Earth,
Wakes all his ſavage Spirit into birth;
Bids proud ALMAGRO feel his baleful flame,
And Cuzco's Treaſures from PIZARRO claim;
PIZARRO holds the rich ſeducing Prize.
With firmer graſp—the fires of Diſcord riſe—
Now fierce in hoſtile rage each warlike train
Purple with iſſuing gore Peruvia's plain;
There, breathing hate, and horrid death, they ſtood,
And bath'd their impious hands in kindred blood;
While penſive on each hill, whoſe lofty brow
O'erhung with waving woods the vale below,
Peruvia's hapleſs tribes in ſcatter'd throngs
Beheld the Fiends of ſtrife avenge their wrongs;
View'd the red torrent, heard the deathful groan,
And ſaw the mangled form its crimes atone.
Now Conqueſt, bending on her crimſon wings,
Her ſanguine wreath to ſtern PIZARRO brings,
While bound, and trembling in her iron chain,
ALMAGRO ſwells the Victor's captive train.

In

In vain his pleading voice, his ſuppliant eye,
Conjure his Conqu'ror by the holy tie
That ſeal'd their mutual League with ſacred force,
When firſt to Climes unknown they bent their courſe,
When Danger's riſing horrors lowr'd afar,
The ſtorms of Ocean, and the toils of War,
While Friendſhip's ſpell diſſolv'd the forms of Fear,
And urg'd the daring Spirits wild career;
The ſad remains of waſted life to ſpare,
The ſhrivell'd boſom, and the ſilver'd hair!
Ah vainly from his lips theſe accents part,
Nor move PIZARRO's ſtern, relentleſs heart,
That never trembled to the Suff'rer's ſigh,
Or view'd the Suff'rer's tear with melting eye;
That never the warm glow could ſwelling prove
Which Mercy ſheds around the deeds of Love;
Or felt the conſcious tranſports ſweet exceſs
When Gratitude's big tears Compaſſion bleſs—
ALMAGRO dies—the Victor's ſavage pride
The laſt ſepulchral rites his corſe denied.

Chill'd

Chill'd by the heavy dews of Night it lay,
And wither'd in the ſultry beam of Day;
Till Indian boſoms, touch'd with gen'rous woe,
In the pale Form forgot the tyrant Foe;
The laſt ſad duties to his aſhes paid,
And ſooth'd with Pity's tear the hov'ring Shade—
With unrelenting hate the Conqu'ror views
ALMAGRO's Band, and vengeance ſtill purſues;
Condemns the Victims of his power to ſtray
In drooping Poverty's chill, thorny way,
To feel pale Famine's agony ſevere,
And all the lingring forms of Death to fear;
Till by Deſpair impell'd, the ſuff'ring train
Ruſh to the haughty Victor's ſplendid Fane—
Their Sabres redden in the ſtreams of blood
That warm'd his heart, and drink the purple flood—
How unavailing now the treaſur'd ore
That made Peruvia's rifled boſom poor—
He falls—no mourner near to breathe a ſigh,
Catch the laſt breath, and cloſe the languid eye;

Deſerted,

Deſerted, and denied the holy tear,
Which warm Affection ſheds o'er Virtue's bier;
Denied thoſe drops that ſtay the fleeting breath,
That ſooth the Spirit on the verge of death;
Tho' now the pale expiring form would buy,
With Andes' glitt'ring Mines, one faithful ſigh.

Now worn with Virtue's Toils, Las Casas' ſoul
Sought with exulting hope her radiant Goal;
A bending Angel drinks his parting tears,
And leads his kindred mind to purer ſpheres—
But, ah! whence pours that ſtream of lambent light,
That ſoft-deſcending on the raptur'd ſight,
Gilds the dark horrors of the raging Storm---
It lights on earth---mild Viſion! gentle form---
'Tis Senſibility! ſhe ſtands confeſt,
With trembling ſtep ſhe moves, and panting breaſt;
Wav'd by the gentle breath of paſſing ſighs,
Light in the yielding air her looſe Robe flies;

Wet with the dew of tears her ſoft veil ſtreams,
And in her eye the ray of Pity beams;
No vivid roſes her mild cheek illume,
Sorrow's wan touch has chas'd th' empurpled bloom;
Yet ling'ring there in tender, penſive grace,
The ſofter Lily claims the vacant place;
And ever as her precious tears bedew
Its modeſt tints, they ſhed a paler hue---
To yon deſerted grave, lo! ſwift ſhe flies,
Where her lov'd victim, mild LAS CASAS lies---
Light on the hallow'd turf I ſee her ſtand!
And penſive wave in air her ſnowy wand---
Lo! ſpringing flowers ariſe---ſhe decks the haunt
With dewy chaplets of each tear-fed plant;
Its odours mild the ſimple Vi'let ſhed,
The ſhrinking Lily hung its drooping head;
A moaning Zephyr ſigh'd within the Bower,
And bent the frail ſtem of each tender flower---
" Hither" (ſhe cried, her melting tone I hear,
It vibrates full on Fancy's raptur'd ear)

" Ye

" Ye gentle Spirits whom my ſoul refines,
" Where all its trembling luſtre ſweetly ſhines,
" Who exquiſitely feel th' enchanting glow,
" Whoſe ſoft ſuffuſion gilds the Cloud of Woe;
" Warm as the colours varying Iris pours
" That tinge with ſtreaming rays the chilling Showers;
" Ye, to whoſe yielding hearts my power endears
" The Tranſport blended with delicious tears,
" The Bliſs that ſwells to agony the breaſt,
" The Sympathy that robs the ſoul of reſt;
" Hither with fond devotion penſive come,
" Kiſs the pale Shrine, and murmur o'er the Tomb;
" Bend on the hallow'd Turf the tear-full eye,
" And breathe the precious incenſe of a ſigh—
" Las Casas' tear has moiſten'd Mis'ry's grave!
" His ſigh has moan'd the wretch it fail'd to ſave—
" While ſoft conflicting pangs his boſom tear,
" He ſought the lonely Cavern of Deſpair;
" Where deſolate ſhe pin'd, and pour'd her thought
" To the deep verge of wild diſtraction wrought—

" Tho' Time's cold hand has ſpread its wintry ſnows,
" Still warm with Pity's ray his boſom glows;
" The drops of Mercy wet his hoary cheek,
" As pours his quiv'ring lip its accents meek—
" In Truth's clear mirror, bids the mental view
" Pierce the deep veil which darkling Error drew;
" And vanquiſh'd Empire with a ſmile reſign,
" While brighter Worlds in fair perſpective ſhine"—
She paus'd—yet bending with impaſſion'd gaze
O'er the cold turf, the ſweet Enthuſiaſt ſtays
Still ling'ring, while dim tears her beauties ſhroud,
Till ſlow ſhe vaniſh'd in a ſable Cloud—
Mild Gasca now, the Meſſenger of Peace,
Suſpends the ſtorm, and bids the tumult ceaſe—
Pure Spirit! in Religion's garb he came,
And all his boſom felt her holy flame:
'Twas then her Vot'ries glory, and their care,
To bid Oppreſſion's harpy talons ſpare;
To bend the crimſon Banner he unfurl'd,
And ſhelter from his graſp a ſuff'ring World.

Gasca, the guardian Miniſter of Woe,
Bids o'er her wounds the balms of Comfort flow.
While Power reſigns her Sceptre to his ſway,
And flaſhes in his view Ambition's ray;
While rich Potoſi rolls the copious tide
Of Wealth, unbounded as the wiſh of Pride;
His pure, unſullied ſoul with high diſdain
For Virtue ſpurns the faſcinating bane;
Her ſeraph form can ſtill his breaſt allure,
Tho' dreſt in weeds, ſhe triumph'd to be poor.
Hopeleſs Ambition's murders to reſtrain,
And Virtue's wrongs, he ſought Iberia's plain;
Without one mean reſerve he greatly brings
A maſſive Treaſure, yet unknown to Kings:
No purple pomp around his Dome was ſpread,
No gilded roofs hung glitt'ring o'er his head;
Yet Peace with milder radiance deck'd his Bower,
And crown'd with dearer joy Life's evening hour;
While Virtue whiſper'd to his conſcious heart
The ſweet reflexion of its high deſert;

And ſtill her Tablet points to diſtant Time,
Stamp'd on its deathleſs baſe, his worth ſublime.
Ah, meek Peruvia! ſtill thy murmur'd ſighs,
Thy ſtifled groans in Fancy's ear ariſe—
Sadd'ning ſhe views thy deſolated Soul,
As ſlow the circling years of bondage roll,
Redeem from Tyranny's oppreſſive power,
With fond Affection's force, one ſacred hour,
And conſecrate its fleeting, precious ſpace,
The dear remembrance of the paſt to trace;
Call from her bed of duſt Joy's buried Shade—
She ſmiles in Mem'ry's lucid robes array'd,
O'er thy creative Scene* majeſtic moves,
And wakes each mild delight thy Fancy loves:

* "O'er thy creative Scene." The Peruvians have ſolemn days on which they aſſume their antient dreſs. Some among them repreſent a tragedy, the ſubject of which is the death of Atabalipa. The audience, who begin with ſhedding tears, are afterwards tranſported into a kind of madneſs. It ſeldom happens in theſe feſtivals, but that ſome Spaniard is ſlain.

Abbé Raynal's *Hiſtory.*

But

But ſoon the image of thy wrongs impreſt
In deep'ning horror on thy ſuff'ring breaſt,
Spreads o'er the bloom of Bliſs its ſick'ning clouds,
And the fair ray of tranſient Pleaſure ſhrouds;
Far other Viſions melt thy mournful eye,
And wake the guſhing tear, th' indignant ſigh;
There ATALIBA's ſacred, murder'd form,
Sinks in the billow of Oppreſſion's Storm!
Wild o'er the ſcene of death thy glances roll,
And pangs tumultuous ſwell thy frantic ſoul;
Thy boſom burns!—Diſtraction ſpreads her flames,
And from the tyrant foe her Victim claims.

But, lo! where burſting Deſolation's Night,
A ſcene of Glory ruſhes on my ſight!
My tear—th' exulting drop of Rapture flows!
My ſwelling heart expands—my boſom glows—
A blooming Chief of India's royal Race,
Whoſe ſoaring ſoul its high deſcent can trace,

The

The flag of Freedom rears on Chili's* Plain,
And leads to glorious Strife his gen'rous Train—
And ſee! Iberia bleeds—while Vict'ry twines
Her faireſt Bloſſoms round Peruvia's Shrines:
The gaping wounds of earth diſcloſe no more
The lucid ſilver, and the glowing ore,
A brighter glory gilds the paſſing hour,
While Freedom graſps the rod of lawleſs Power.
Lo! on the Andes' icy Steep ſhe glows,
And prints with rapid ſtep th' eternal ſnows;
Or moves majeſtic o'er the ſmiling Plain,
And pours all eloquent her potent ſtrain—
Still ſacred Freedom! may thy ſpirit fire
The ſwelling boſom, may thy Flame inſpire!
O may thy Eagle-Genius ſtill aſcend,
Beneath thy Creſt may proud Iberia bend;

* "On Chili's Plain"—An Indian deſcended from the Inca's, has lately obtained ſeveral victories over the Spaniards, the gold mines have been for ſome time ſhut up, and there is much reaſon to hope that theſe injured nations may recover the liberty of which they have been ſo cruelly deprived.

While

While roll'd in duſt thy graceful feet beneath,
Fades her dark Laurel, and her ſanguine Wreath,
Bend her red Trophies, tear her Victor Plume,
And cloſe inſatiate Slaughter's yawning Tomb!
Again on ſoft Peruvia's od'rous breaſt
May Beauty bloſſom, and may Pleaſure reſt.
Ah, mild Peru! the Muſe that mourn'd thy woes,
Whom bleeding Pity rob'd of dear Repoſe;
The Muſe, whoſe penſive ſoul with anguiſh wrung,
Throb'd as her early Lyre ſhe trembling ſtrung,
Shed the weak tear, and breath'd the powerleſs ſigh,
Which ſoon in cold Oblivion's Shade muſt die;
Pants with the wiſh thy Deeds may riſe to Fame,
Bright on ſome living Harp's immortal frame;
While on the ſtring of Extaſy, it pours
Thy future Triumphs o'er unnumber'd Shores.

FINIS.

THE END.